

# A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

LOCAL CHAT: HOME AND FASHION HINTS: RELIGIOUS AND OTHER ACTIVITIES: THINGS FEMININE

## WIFE OF WOODROW WILSON MISTRESS OF HAPPY HOME

Mrs. Wilson is a Charming Southern Woman with Blooming Daughters

What every woman in the United States wants to know just now might be embodied in a single question: What is Mrs. Woodrow Wilson like? For the stars and the political prophets point to the nominee of the Democratic convention as the next President of the United States, and it is natural for us all to be interested in the personality, the views, the appearance, in every little thing that is characteristic and distinctive of the woman who may be our unofficial representative in the White House and may typify the American woman to all nations during the next four years.

I had the privilege—privilege is a fact, not a phrase, in this instance—of meeting Mrs. Woodrow Wilson in her home at Sea Girt yesterday afternoon, so I am going to try to answer the questions every woman is asking about her: "What does Mrs. Wilson look like? What does she wear? What does she think? What does she say?"

In the first place, it is immediately evident that Mrs. Wilson does not believe that speech was given us to conceal our thoughts. What she says is what she thinks, which makes an interview with her an unusual and delightful experience.

What Mrs. Wilson Looks Like. Mrs. Wilson is a brown-haired woman. Her eyes are brown and very sweet and large. They are saved from too much sweetness by highly-arched and witty eyebrows. You never saw a stupid woman with an arched eyebrow. Her features are small and regular—they suggest, in fact, a Victorian miniature. Her figure is matronly in the sense that statues of Livia and Agrippina are matronly, but not as the word is usually employed to convey the idea of fatness as palatably as possible.

Mrs. Wilson's favorite poet is Wordsworth, and, strangely enough, the last verse of the famous lines beginning "She was a Phantom of Delight" might have been written to or about her.

"And now I see with eyes serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath;  
A traveler between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;

A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort and command—  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light."

I am no enthusiast. Once upon a time I interviewed the wife of a presidential candidate, and when I came away I wanted to summarize my impressions in four words: "She is a cook." I wish I had.

But to emphasize the quality of Mrs. Wilson's gentleness and high

breeding is to do it an injustice. One might as well exclaim over the perfume of a tea rose.

Like a Tea Rose is She. The tea rose reaches its perfection in Southern gardens, and so does the tea rose of whom Mrs. Wilson, a daughter of Savannah, Ga., is an exquisite type.

Incidentally, Mrs. Wilson's favorite diversion is the making of a garden. She tells you that soon after you meet her, but you can not be long in the Wilson home without realizing that, exquisite as her gardens at Princeton and at Sea Girt may be, she has done her very best gardening in the rosebud garden of girls and would take first prize in any floral exhibition with Margaret, Tessie and Eleanor, the three charming young daughters of the Wilson family, who Mrs. Wilson tells you laughingly were "all born at the same time," and then explains that a difference of eighteen, or maybe it's sixteen, months separates the daughters from each other.

The ground floor of the Little White House is one enormous room done in green and pale yellow. Classic bas-reliefs are hung at intervals along the wall of the stairway that winds from a sort of gallery above. The books on the center table have been read to pieces. In one corner the Winged Victory of Samothrace presides. Who knows but that our late political history may know her as the Winged Victory of Sea Girt?

A Happy Family. Through this central room yesterday passed and repassed daughters with golf sticks, daughters with music, daughters with girls whom they brought to their mother to be kissed and to offer congratulations. On the lawn outside the embattled correspondents had pitched their tents and will probably camp all summer, but in the Little White House the quiet, serene life of the Wilson household was going on almost as if there were not a future President in the family. The activities of the three Wilson girls—as sure as their name is Wilson somebody is going to call them the Three Graces—are so various (one is studying singing, another is a settlement worker, another has just completed her college course) that it was natural for me to ask their mother if she had any special theories as to the care and education of children.

"A great many," Mrs. Wilson answered smilingly. "I believe, in allowing a child's mind to develop itself as much as possible, to assert its own preferences.

"I taught my children myself until they were 12 years old. I read them all the great myths, Germanic as well as classic. When they were little bits of things they gave little Greek plays. One day I would have Venuses and Dianes and Junos running about the house, and the next I would meet Ajax and Hector and Achilles. The waving ranks of corn fields were

## FEMININE CHAT

The latest thing in neckwear is the collar and plastron in white duck, with a black satin turnover and tiny buttons. The plastron is a V-shaped affair, which extends from the sides of the collar to a point just above the waistline, and resembles a yoke.

A smart belt for the tailored suits is a strip of heavy gros-grain ribbon, with a double flat pump bow, to be worn either in back or front.

One of the loveliest of the new simple girdles is made of a strip of pale blue crepe de chine. There is only one end to the sash, and this loops over the top of the belt at the side of the back. The main feature is the rose in delicate pink, which is hand-painted on the sloping end.

To clean decanters use a little soapy water and sand. Shake the decanter till the glass is clean, rinse with fresh water and finally with alcohol. Never use shot.

To kill a bad odor put dried orange peel on a piece of red-hot iron, or on an old shovel heated red hot, and it will not only kill the odor but leave a fragrant one instead.

To prevent stoves from rusting in summer apply kerosene to their surfaces with a soft rag. This is likewise good for the preservation of any iron articles not in use.

To impart a fine flavor to tea, place rose leaves in the tea canister or put one drop of attar of roses on a piece of soft paper and place it in the tea canister.

To preserve clothespins, boil a few minutes and dry them quickly afterward, about twice a month. This keeps them flexible and durable. Clothes lines treated the same way keep better also.

Greeks and Romans to the children when they were 8 and 10 years old.

"I remember once at Princeton they took part in a play in another home. All the big parts had been taken and there seemed to be nothing for the littlest Cleveland girl—at least I thought there was nothing, but suddenly she announced, in the tiniest baby treble imaginable, 'And I'm the mob!' It was really very amusing—that gentle, lisping baby impersonating a whole Athenian mob.

"I believe in feeding a child's mind upon the very best," Mrs. Wilson added seriously. "I never allowed my little daughters to read trash.

Never Read Trash Till in College. "In fact, I sometimes tell them they had never read any trash till they went to college. I am very fond of the old books. Thackeray and George Eliot are perhaps my favorite novelists; Wordsworth and Shelley the poets I prefer. I read the babies asleep with the classic poems on the English language. Perhaps I am too devoted to the classics. They say

## HOW THE WOMEN SUFFRAGISTS DID IT IN CALIFORNIA

"I go for all sharing the privileges of government who assist in bearing its burdens—by no means excluding women."

**VOTES FOR WOMEN**

OCTOBER 10th

**4 SENATE AMENDMENT NO. 8**

**4th PLACE ON THE BALLOT**

that whenever a new book comes out I read an old one. But, you see, I grew up in an old Southern library. We were poor in the South in those days, and as we could buy no new books we read the old ones.

"Are you interested in women's clubs?" I asked.

"I belong to a club," Mrs. Wilson answered, "but I am not what is generally called a clubwoman. I am chairman of the art and music committee of the Present Day Club of Princeton, which is included in the Federation. Perhaps because we are in a college town we have been able to get the best speakers on sociological topics for nothing, or almost nothing. The club, like other associations of women today, is interested principally in questions of social reform. Isn't 'uplift' the usual word? Formerly our clubs were too dilettante, too much devoted to art and literature, but now they are intensely practical."

"And suffrage?" I inquired.

Mrs. Wilson smiled and with a plump, white hand smoothed the soft green draperies of her gown.

"There are all shades of suffrage opinion in the family," she replied.

"When I think of the value as a weapon it might have for the large number of women who earn their own living I am inclined to favor it. When I consider its possible effect on the larger interests of society as a whole I am not so sure. One of my daughters is a suffragist. Which one? I won't tell you. She might not like it."

Mrs. Wilson remained firm in her determination not to divulge the secret of the identity of the suffragette of the family. But the finger of suspicion and commendation points to the brunette daughter, Miss Eleanor.

"The continuance of women in industry seems to be inevitable," Mrs. Wilson added, "and I am interested in everything which will tend to obtain for them shorter hours and better conditions of work. I have been described as a woman of the Old South, but the Old South is today very new. Though I was born in Savannah, I grew up in the little Georgia town of Rome, and when I go back there now I meet constantly the friends I knew as a girl, and they are nearly all doing something—teaching or following the other professions in which women are so successful. And I am very proud of them and of all American women."

Proud of American Women. Then you do not sympathize with foreign criticism of the American woman? They say, you know, that we neglect our homes and devote ourselves to our own selfish development as individuals.

"I think," Mrs. Wilson answered slowly, "that we show an unfortunate tendency to do too much, to spread too thin both in our social and sociological interests. We might have fewer interests and more time to devote to them."

At this moment a very crude young man burst with dazzling brilliancy upon the conversation. "Mrs. Wilson," he said, "how does it feel to change suddenly from a simple professor's wife to the possible mistress of the White House?"

Mrs. Wilson looked a little aghast, as well she might.

"Why," she faltered, "I can't imagine anything more delightful than the life at Princeton." And then, as though seeking to palliate the youth's disappointment, "You know I have no social ambitions at all. In Princeton everything is so charming. There is no struggle, no strife there. But, of course, I shall enjoy any life to which Mr. Wilson is called."

"Well, Mr. Wilson will be the next president of the United States!" vouchsafed a prophet. But the wife of the Democratic candidate answered her gentle Southern voice rounding and deepening with wifely pride: "Whatever the result of the election, I believe Mr. Wilson will be something greater than president of the United States. For he is the chosen leader of a great cause!"

## TIGHT SKIRTS STILL IN STYLE

The enclosure at the Paris Long-champs racecourse presented a scene of dazzling brilliance. The lovely weather brought out such a display of toilettes as has probably never before been seen.

Favored by the present craze for black and white, pearls and diamonds were largely worn. Long strings of pearls, and great diamond corsages or necklaces, with jeweled watches and bracelets, were seen on every side. One of the surprises of the afternoon was the new "pagoda sunshade" of changeable silk and acetate shape, trimmed with lace, and looking like a lampshade, of which there were many, have rather short jeweled white mangles. One was of white lace upon white satin, and another was of white lace with large lozenge-shaped insertions of black velvet.

Despite the decree of the dressmakers there were far more tight dresses than panniers in the enclosure. If any thing, skirts were tighter than ever, walking only being rendered possible by slits made at the hem, in front, at the back, or at the sides.

There were many pannier dresses to be seen, but they are assuming a new form. One of white Liberty satin had a small box-pleated tulle arrangement in tiers. Another, also with box pleats, looked as if the panniers had slipped down towards the feet. This costume was the newest note, and is likely to be followed in all the summer toilettes. The hips are free and the drapery is gathered up at each side in circular folds from the knees downward.

Many of the women present had let their fancy run free in the matter of stockings, which were so thin as to be hardly visible, although attention was called to them by the narrow black ribbon crossing almost up to the knee, after the fashion of ancient Greece. Thin gold and silver tulle stockings worn with strapped shoes richly jeweled at the toe and along the strap were also seen. Bright colors, principally emerald, cerise, blue, and a bright tone of rose, were much in evidence, but black and white effects were mostly preferred.

## BRITTLE NAILS

Brittleness of the nails is quite often due to the condition of the general health. Then again, if you do your own housework the strong soap which you probably use for cleaning purposes will make your nails brittle. Twice a day hold the tips of your fingers for five minutes in a vessel containing enough olive oil to cover the nails. At night before retiring dip the fingers into cold cream and let the tips take up just as much as they will retain. After this dip them into talcum powder.

## PAINT SHOE SOLES

Warm the soles of new shoes. While they are warm paint them with copal varnish. When it dries, paint them again. Three such coats will not only make the soles waterproof, but will make them last twice as long.

## A TRIO OF CAKES

English Walnut Cake—Four eggs, three-fourths cups of sugar, one cup walnuts chopped fine, half a cup of cracker crumbs rolled fine, one teaspoon of baking powder, vanilla. Beat yolks and sugar well, mix baking powder with cracker crumbs, add nuts and one cup raisins; beat whites and add last. Bake in moderate oven in flat pan; cover with icing.

Potato Cake—Two-thirds cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one cup of hot mashed potatoes, half cup of milk, four eggs, one cup of ground chocolate, one cup of chopped walnuts, one teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon of nutmeg, one teaspoon of vanilla, pinch of salt. Cream butter and sugar, add yolks of eggs, then hot mashed potatoes and rest of ingredients, whites of eggs, nuts and vanilla last. Bake in a moderate oven.

Devil Cake—Half cup of grated chocolate, a gill of milk, half cup of brown sugar. Boil this together until as a cream; let cool. One cup of brown sugar, half a cup of butter, two beaten eggs. Mix well, beat in boiled mixture, add two cups of flour, sifted thoroughly with heaping teaspoon of baking powder. Bake in layers. When cool put together with boiled frosting. You may bake it in a loaf.

## WOMEN'S EDUCATION IN EGYPT

Lord Kitchener in his report lately issued states as his opinion that in every province of Egypt a normal school for teachers should be opened, says a London contributor to the Monitor. The number of girls' schools under the authority of the ministry of education is 2713, and, notwithstanding the fact that the teachers' training colleges have been enlarged, the supply of teachers is totally inadequate to the demand. "There is nothing more remarkable," says the report, "in the social history of Egypt during the last dozen years than the growth of opinion among all classes of Egyptians in favor of the education of their daughters." The numbers now attending the schools prove this, there being over 25,000 pupils, an increase of 8 per cent over 1910.

An article in the Queen outlines the history and progress of Egyptian women since the days of the Pharaohs when they occupied a high and honorable position. "They engaged in trade, either on their own account, or in partnership with their men folk and ancient deeds and agreements which have come down to us show how large a share they took in the commerce of the country."

They also played no small part in public life; we read that there were women on the city councils, and they appeared as plaintiffs or as witnesses, in courts of law. Egyptian legislators fully realized that they were a power in the land, and it is a significant fact that of the 252 laws contained in the Code of Hammurabi not less than 62 dealt with legislation for or about women.

Many Egyptian ladies seem to have

been well educated, and to have held their own in the intellectual life of the country. With the advent of Mohammedanism, however, their position altered, their direct and legitimate influence declined, and their spheres were narrowed to the home, with the inevitable result that the national life suffered in consequence, for a people never rises above the level of the women. Commerce, art and literature gradually died out; the great nation which had once led the civilized world, sank down into Egyptian darkness, and it is only within the last few years that a movement has taken place to bring it into line with the cultured peoples of the West.

The writer goes on to say that, in order to bring Egypt out of the slough of despond into which she had sunk, it was necessary to elevate the women as well as the men, and that if any permanent good was to be achieved it must be through education, not of the boys only, but of both boys and girls. The latter, prior to the British occupation, were entirely neglected, but during the past few years great improvements have taken place in this direction, and the ministry of education are doing their best to cope with the growing demand for education among the working classes.

Many women of education and position have come forward to work for the greater freedom and enlightenment of their sex, and it is announced that an Egyptian woman's league has recently been started to defend women's interests in all directions, and to advance their education by every means in its power.

## FILLINGS FOR THE LAYER CAKE

There is hardly any limit to the variety in fillings for layer cake. The following are from the San Francisco Call:

Cocoanut Filling—Grated cocoanut, whites of two eggs, cup of sugar; spread between layers and on top of cake.

Fig Filling—Take a pound of figs, chop fine and put into a steamer on the stove. Pour over them a teacup of water and add half a cup of sugar. Cook all together until smooth and soft. When cold, spread between layers of cake.

Fruit Filling—Four tablespoons of very finely-chopped citron, four tablespoons of finely-chopped seeded raisins, half a cup of blanched almonds chopped fine, also a quarter of a pound of finely-chopped figs. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, adding half of a cup of sugar; then mix thoroughly into this the whole of the chopped ingredients. Put it between the layers of cake when the cake is hot, so that it will cook the eggs a little. This will be found delicious.

Apple Filling—Peel and slice green tart apples, put them on the fire with sugar to suit; when tender remove, rub them through a sieve and add a small piece of butter. When cold, use to spread between the layers; cover the cake with plenty of sugar.

Pineapple Filling—Whites of three eggs, cup of powdered sugar, can of grated pineapple. Spread.

California Filling—Cup of sugar, quarter cup of water; boil until brittle; take from the stove and stir in the white of an egg well beaten, cup seeded raisins, chopped, and one of blanch almonds chopped. Spread between layers.

Cream Filling—Pint of milk, two eggs, three tablespoons of sifted flour (or half cup of cornstarch) and cup of sugar. Put two-thirds of the milk on the stove to boil, stir the sugar, flour and eggs in what is left. When the milk boils put into it the whole and cook it until it is as thick as custard. When cool add vanilla extract. The custard is nice with a cup of hickory nuts chopped fine and stirred into it.

Chocolate Filling—Five tablespoons

of grated chocolate with enough cream or milk to wet it, cup of sugar, egg, teaspoon of vanilla flavoring. Stir over the fire until thoroughly mixed, having beaten the egg well before adding it. Then add the vanilla flavoring after it is removed from the fire.

Nut Filling—Whites of three eggs, three tablespoons of sugar, cup of chopped nutmeats, teaspoon of extract of lemon.

Ice Cream Filling—Three eggs of sugar and one of water; boil to a thick, clear syrup or until it begins to be brittle. Pour this boiling hot over the well-beaten whites of three eggs. Stir the mixture very briskly and pour the sugar in slowly. When all in beat it until cool. Flavor with lemon or vanilla extract.

Peach Cream Filling—Cut peaches into thin slices or chop them and prepare cream by whipping and sweetening. Put a layer of peaches between the layers of cake and pour cream over each layer and over the top.

Banana Filling—Make an icing of the whites of two eggs and 1-2 cups of powdered sugar. Spread this on the layers and then cover thickly and entirely with bananas sliced thin and chopped fine. This cake may be flavored with vanilla. The top should be simply frosted.

Caramel Filling—Half a pound each of brown sugar and chocolate, half cup milk, butter size of an egg, two teaspoons of extract of vanilla. Boil until thick enough to spread, then spread over the top and sides of cake as well as on the layers.

Marshmallow Filling—Cup each of brown and white sugar and water, teaspoon vinegar. Boil together until it threads, then take from the stove and stir in the whites of two eggs beaten stiff and quarter pound of marshmallows beaten until thick.

A charming hat for river wear is a large Panama straw of which is encircled with wide black moire ribbon, finished with loops of the same, while the brim is lined with cream aeroplane. Another hat is of pure white straw lined with black straw and trimmed with white glaze ribbon with a picot edge and pure white wings.

## WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY, THE HAIR, AND HOW TO GET THE BEST RESULTS IN CARING FOR IT

The hair that at one time was woman's crowning glory has for the past ten years been almost neglected and instead of caring for their own hair women have continually bought the false article. False hair is a boon to the older women who have so little of their own, but when a young maid in her teens appears in a lot of puffs and curls it is really pitiful. The excuse, already worn out, is that they just have to be in style. Once in a while we come across someone who has a head of glossy fine hair, and we all marvel. It is only natural that every one should have lovely tresses and with care everyone can have them.

There is nothing that will aid in the growth of hair so much as systematic brushing. A certain amount of this brushing will bring the oil to the surface but by wrapping a piece of absorbent cotton around your brush it will be removed. The brunette can safely use the refined cocoanut oil on her hair but as it turns the hair dark the blonde had best avoid it. The sun in the tropics also acts as strong bleach and tends to streak the hair so that during the warm part of the day it is well to wear a hat. Hats too are very hard on the head and hair as well. The heat and irritation caused by them not only causes dandruff but also causes the hair to fall out. Regardless of the fashion one's hair can be arranged far more becomingly without rats, puffs, etc., than with them. If for three months you will brush your hair regularly and put away the rats, you will find that it will not only grow longer but will also become more glossy and much prettier.

Like the majority of conventional people, I detest hair dyes but as there are, many women who feel that gray hairs make one look older, there are several ways in which they can be abashed, or rather kept dark without the ordinary dye. Strong black tea will keep brown hair a rich color and with the addition of a little bay rum makes a splendid hair tonic. As the brunettes find that her hair streaks and gets light, so does the blonde find her hair getting darker. The juice of half a lemon in the last rinsing water or a level teaspoon of baking soda will do much towards keeping the hair light, also be sure to dry the hair in the sun.

Smart and practical are the high, soft collars and four-in-hand ties of wash silk. Particularly likable are those in white silk, striped in either green or red.



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